THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

Write plainly on one side of the per only, and number the pages.
Use pen and ink, not pencil.
Short and pointed articles will given preference. Do not use over Original stories or letters only be used.

Write your name, age and ad-s plainly at the bottom of the story.
Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you say—Be true!
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest—in fact,
Be schody else but you."

THE USEFUL FAIRY.

By Martha Coleman Sherman.
used to be the scaredest boy that
ever came to town—
I just was scared of everything, you when I thought of goblins an' burglar men an' bears simply couldn't move, I trembled

I lived that way for ages, just too scared for anything, An' then my mother read a tale to About a little fellow who was scared the way I was Of things he couldn't ever really

One day when he was awful 'fraid of somethin' out of sight. A fairy lady camed to him and sayed That she'd be glad to help him when he needed any help If he'd just signal when he was

in' every time he signaled her she came—that fairy did—
An' drove away the thoughts that scared him so,
n' teached him 'twas all foolishness
to be afaid of thoughts
'Cause thoughts was really nuthin'
true, you know.

an' afterwhiles that boy just growed to be the bravest thing That anybody'd ever hope to be! He wasn't scared of gobolins or anything on earth, Invisable, or things that he could

ie didn't need the fairy after he had

come to any boy
If he would shut his eyes and call
her low.
It said her name was "Confidence"
an' was always near,
But no one ever saw her face, you

So after that I called her with my eyes shut up tight— You have to shut your eyes to call

An' sure enough, she camed to me! I heard her plain as day,
An' though she didn't speak a word out loud,
She drove away those foolish thoughts that frightened me so much
An' left me feelin' very brave an'

I'm telling you this story 'cause seme day you might be scared An' never know a single thing to

ember just to shut your eyes an' She'll always come to help and com-

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

have a live interest in toads. This is because they do not know how an tique and useful these creatures be. tond looks as if he was made whe

the green frog's eyes.
"What is it? Why are you crying?"

TITO'S JUMP

BY DORIS WEEB.

Once there was a little baby song sparrow named Tito and he was just learning to fly. He had grand times flopping out of the nest and flapping to the ground. At last one bright morning Tito spread his wings and went for ing This spread his wings and went for a long, long fly out into the world—so far that when he at last came to the ground and perched on a little rose bush he thought he must be nearly at the end of the earth.

"What a tremendous journey!" he said, as he looked about him. He was at the edge of a pretty marsh bright

at the edge of a pretty marsh, bright with flowers, and just below him flow-ed a gentle etream of clear water. It was very pleasant, indeed.

was very pleasant, indeed.

"Tweet, tweet, chirrup!" sang Tito, swaying gieefully up and down. Then as he looked into the stream below him he saw a stir in the water and out crept a curious shaped green thing without wings. "Croek!" it said. "What beautiful singing!"

"What are you?" cried Tito. "You're the queerest bird I ever saw."

"Bird!" cried the green thing. "Tm a frog. My names' Dub-dub," and he leaped on to a mossy rock near the rose bush.

rose bush.
"Oh!" said Tito, "how splendidly you

"Oh!" said Tito, "how splendidly you jomp!"

"That isn't anything," Dub-dub answered, and he began leaping about from one bank to the other in a most magnificent style, "That's just as easy as rolling off a log, and the smallest baby froggie could roll off a log if you pushed it. What I admire is singing. No one in our family ever could sing really well. Do let me hear that little sobg again."

So Tito sang his little chirpy song and Dub-dub sat upon the mossy rock and listened.

"That is fine," he said when Tito had

and listened.

"That is fine," he said when Tito had finished. "I'd rather be able to sing than anything else in the world."

"Really!" cried Tito. "I'd rather be able to jump. I wish I could give you

able to jump. I wish I could give you my voice for your jump."

"Do you?" Dub-dub exclaimed. "Then I think it can be done. We'll go and see the Fairy Iris about it. She can do wonderful things and I'm quite sure she could change our jumps and our voices, if you'd really like to."

"I would I would!" cried Tito. "Then come," said Dub-dub, and he hopped off down the stream while Tito followed very much excited. Soon they came to a clump of high rushes, and in the middle rose one queenly purple iris.

to a clump of high rushes, and in the middle rose one queenly purple iris. The three inner petals were folded together like a little tent.

Dub-dub stopped. "Pairy Iris" he called. Tito waited and watched. Then the three closed petals of the iris unfodled gently. Inside, seated on a golden throne, was the daintiest little fairy imaginable. She was dressed in purple like the softest velvet and her wings were gauzy and colored like opals.

fodled gently. Inside, seated on a golden throne, was the daintiest little fairy imaginable. She was dressed in purple like the softest velvet and her wings were gauzy and colored like opals.

"Its it you, little Dub-dub!" she asked. "And what shall you like me to do for you?"

Dub-dub explained what they wanted and the fairy listened with her chin in one tiny hand.

"What is it? Why are you crying?" asked Tito.
"Oh, "said Dub-dub, "is it you? I'm very, very sad, because I gave you my jump. All the other frogs play together and have such fun, and I have to sit here and do nothing."

"Oh, Dub-dub," is it you? I'm very, very sad, because I gave you my jump. All the other frogs play together and have such fun, and I have to sit here and do nothing."

"Oh, Dub-dub, "is it you? I'm very, very sad, because I gave you my jump. All the other frogs play together and have such fun, and I have to sit here and do nothing."

"Oh, bub-dub, "is it you? I'm very, very sad, because I gave you my jump. All the other frogs play together and have such fun, and I have to sit here and have such fun, and I have to sit here and the such fund in the property of the said that the such fund in the said that the said you like me to sit here and the said have such fun, and I have to sit here and have such fun, and I have to sit here and have such fund a have such fund in the said have such fund in the sa

change back again? I would a thouse and the fairy listened with her chin in one tiny hand.

"I can change you," she said, "but I hink you're much better as you are."

"Oh, please, please, change us," cried Fito and Dub-dub.

"Very well," said the fairy, "Close your eyes." So they shut their eyes and each felt something soft touch his inroat and feet. When they opened heir eyes the iris had closed again, and the fairy could no longer be seen.

"She's gone," said Dub-dub, and then he gave a little hop of surprise, for his yous counded soft and musical."

"She really has changed us!" he cried aroling, just exactly like a little bird. "It's wonderful!" said Tito, but the words sounded harsh and creaky. "Oh, lear! I don't like my voice!" he cried but, anyway, I think I can leap now," and he gave a great spring and landed but, anyway, I think I can leap now," and he gave a great spring and landed but, anyway, I think I can leap now," and he gave a great spring and landed lish't that fine? I'm going right home to show my brothers and sisters. Goodly!" he called lish't took him a long time, for he bound that he could only take little tops, like a bird, instead of the long caps he was used to. However, he was very proud of his voice and sang bottly to himseif.

Tito found his way home very easily, or the oak tree where he lived was the argest in the wood. All his family yers at home, chirping and twittering usual.

"The found his way home very easily, or the oak tree where he lived was the argest in the wood. All his family yers at home, chirping and twittering usual."

The found he says a moment's silence and then all the birds broke into the propious.

The was a moment's silence and then all the birds broke into the propious.

Tito, and it was his own sweet, chirpy voice again.

"Thank you, thank you," creaked Dub-dub, and he gave a great leap of joy. Off he went as fast as he could to the stream and there he dived in among his friends and they had the greatest frolic of their lives.

Tito flew back to the oak tree and found the last singer in the concert just finishing his song. Then Tito lighted on the big branch and burst into the most beautiful singing you ever heard. It was so full of joy and gladness that it semed to stream like sunshine into the world. And when he had finished there was a moment's silence and then all the birds broke into a perfect chorus of chirping applause.

Well, now, I got to thinkin' after mother'd read that tale, An' 'cided that I'd call that fairy, too, setimes when I was havin' thoughts of gobolins an' bears, in' just so scared I wondered what

you know, mas, if anybody ever sees a fairy'

it would come out when it a name was I tell you I'm delighted with the way that fairy does, I know she'll help me ev'ry single

day,
as for thoughts of gobolins an
burglar men an bears,
simply know she'll drive them
right away!

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS. I do not imagine many Wide-Awaker I-Alex Dugas, of Versailles-Hick-ory Ridge Boy Scouts.

2-Mildred E. White, of Stafford Springs - Three Little Women at Work, 3-Leo Palquin, of Versailles-The Battleship Boys at Sea.

known to live over 100.

A naturalist kept a toad a good

many years. He named it Mary, and

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Angle Whits, of Stafford Springs-Received my pretty prize book an was more than pleased with it.

Elsie I. Lang, of Norwich—I thank you very much for the beautiful book. I am very happy that I received one both times I wrote a story.

Waiter Gavigan, of Willimantic—I hank you very much for the prize look entitled The Caves of Ics. I find

Thelma Boynton, of North Franklin—I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me: "The Automobile Girles at the Berkshires."

4—Rose Eagan, of Willimantic—Jo-seph and His Brethren. 5-Helen Reynolds, of Eagleville-The Camp Fire Girls in the Outside World.

man has been here but a few thous-

6-Bertha N. Burrill, of Stafford Springs-The Speedwell Boys on Mo-

7-Ruth Tracy, of Norwich-The

his mother when the tired little birdie flew into the nest.

"Oh, ever so far!" croaked Tito.

"Good gracious!" cried his mother.

"You have taken a dreadful cold.—I never heard such a voice in my life. You must come right to bed." So Tito cuddled down in the nest, while his mother fed him on wintergreen berries and tied a woolly mullen leaf around his neck. 8-Lucy A. Carter, of Hampton-Three Little Women's Success. Winners of prize books-living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a.m. Thursday.

For two days Tito stayed in the nest but, though his voice got no better, he seemed perfectly well, so finally he was allowed to go out and play. STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE AWAKES. As soon as Tito was in the branches

of the tree he began to show his brothers and sisters how wonderfully he could leap. From one far branch to another he jumped, without once spreading his wings, and the little birds perched around and admired him. Tito felt very proud, indeed. Uncle Daniel was an observant old Uncia Daniel was an observant old man; he noticed that on ever Saturday morning when he was on his way to his cooper shop, nearly all the boys in the neighborhood were gathered in Sam Bentley's back yard.

"Queer, isn't it?" he remarked to a boy who was hurrying toward Sam's home.

But Tito's mother felt badly to have a son with such a harsh voice. At last she took him to wise Dr. Duck, who lived in the pond. Dr. Duck took his temperature and felt his pulse. Then he put on his spectacles and looked down Tito's throat. home.

"Queer, isn't it, that all of you fellows swarm ground Sam What's there about Sam that's so drawing? Is he particularly clever at anything "No. sir," answered the boy thus brought to a standstill.

"Does he own a toy engine, or a goat, or anything in that line?"

"No, sir, he hasn't much of anything to speak of,"

"Does he know many games or tricks to keep you busy?"

"No more then the rest of us."

"He is brighter then the rest of you, eh?"

"I really don't see, madam," he said at last "that there's anything the mat-ter with your son. None of my chil-dren sing. I always considered it a senseless accomplishment."
So Tito had to keep on croaking and

> you, eh?"
> "Not that I know of."
> "He gets angry every time you play
> games he doesn't like?" "I never saw him angry."
> "He's all the time wanting his own

So Tito had to keep on croaking and after a while he began to feel very sad. He was tired of jumping and wished he had never given up his beautiful voice. His croak was so very unpleasant that the little birds were afraid of him, and the big birds all looked very solemn when he came near. At last one day there was a great concert in the big oak trees. All the birds came, perched in turn on a large branch, and cang their very sweetest songs. "Not much." branch, and cang their very sweetest songs.

Tito made a desperate effort. "I will sing!" he cried, and he flew to the big branch. "Croak, croak, croak," he gasped. There was a dead silence. Poor little Tito, overcome with sorrow, spread his wings and flew away. He didn't see where he was going and he didn't care. When he did look around him he was surprised to find that he had come to the marsh where Dub-dub lived. In and out of the stream a dozen froggies were leaping, from bank to bank, from stone to stone, having a royal good time. And sitting on a mossy stone was Dub-dub himself, singing most beautifully. Tito flew nearer to hear the sweet music and then he saw that there were tears in the green frog eyes. "Gives every fellow a fair chance

then?"
"He's fair play every time!"
"Likes to bully the little fellows once in a while, eh?"
"He never does! Not he!"
"Great boy is Sam," concluded Uncle Daniel as he starts on.
"That's what!" called back the boy.
ALIX DUGAS, Age 13.

Versailles. A Visit to Springfield. Bearly Monday morning, father and I took the 7 o'clock train for Spring-field, for I had to have my eyes test-

Arriving at our destination we first

Arriving at our destination we first sought a restaurant for a little lunch, then we walked along the avenue, taking a giance now and then at the beautifully decorated windows, till we found 374 Main street where the doctor's office was situated.

The examination of my eyes proved not to be very serious, and therefore am obliged to wear glasses only while reading.

Father then brought me to the "five and ten cent" store where I secured a few presents for my younger brothers and sisters at home.

But best of all I met my dearest friend, Pauline M. Ashe, who you may be sure I was more than pleased to see.

After speaking to her, and telling her all about my pleasure trip, I kissed her good-by, hoping to see her at boarding school in September.

Then father and I took the train for home arriving there at 8.30 o'clock. Mother and all were very anxious to see us, so after telling about the happy day I spent in Springfield I retired to bed.

ANGIE P. WHITE, Age 16. Stafford Springs.

The First Electric Telegraph. Samuel F. B. Morse of New York, during a voyage home from France in 1832, conceived the idea of makin 1832, conceived the idea of making signs at a distance by means of a pencil moved by an electric magnet and a single conducting circuit, the paper being moved under the pencil by clockwork. He constructed a working model of his invention in 1836, and exhibited it to several persons the same year, but publicity until 1837. Several years were devoted to improving the invention and endeavoring to interest the public in the project.

It was not until 1844 that the first public line was completed between washington and Baltimore (46 miles)

Willimantic.

The Blackberry Rose,

The blackberry rose is perhaps the latest thing in California. This new flower is the result of budding of a rose on a blackberry bush, the experiment having been made by a resident of Tropico, just north of Los Angeles.

The blackberry rose is perhaps the latest thing in California. This new flower is the result of budding of a rose on a blackberry bush, the experiment having been made by a resident of Tropico, just north of Los Angeles.

The blackberry rose is perhaps the latest thing in California. This new flower is the result of budding of a rose on a blackberry bush, the experiment having been made by a resident of Tropico, just north of Los Angeles.

The blackberry rose is perhaps the latest thing in California. This new flower is the result of budding of a rose on a blackberry rose is different from any of the generally known flowers, but the one bloom that it resembles most is the carnation. It consists of many irregular and wavy leaves shoot-

of the first message transmitted may of that year. Within a few years, however, lines are extended to the principal cities the United States. The Morse Edraph was introduced in Germany in 17, whence it has spread all over the ustern Hemisphere, and may now said to be the universal telegraph the world. scientists the teads have been on searth many millions of years while the world. MARIAN M. WHEELER, Age 13.

I live in the city of New York and most every summer I go out of the city to the country to spend my va-cation. This year I planned to go to

Toward morning I asked the watchman, if the boat was en the Connecticul river. He answered me in the negative way. He pointed out to me two lights on the shore and said that was the mouth of the river also that one was called the outer light, the other the inner light.

There are many river landings before you get to Hartford. They are: Saybrook, Lyme, Essex, Hamburg, Deep River, Hadlyme, East Haddam, Middletown, South Glastonbury and Glastonbury.

The sun rose making the still was for ages, but the toad really lives only

Glastonbury.

The sun rose making the still waters of the river as gold as the rising sun itself. This being the Fourth of July morning, boys who were camping on the river fired off salutes as we passed by.

The boat arrived in Hartford at 7 a.m. I think it is a very pleasant trip from New York to Hartford by boat.

GEO. BRENESTOCK.

The Squire's Residence.

It was an old wooden house in a little sunny valley, in which the squire lived with his only little daugnter. Servants kept this house in order. The rooms being old-fashioned in construction, had open fireplaces and very antique furniture. struction, had open fireplaces and very antique furniture.

The grounds were lovely to look upon: right opposite the house stood as fine a row of linden trees as anyone ever saw. Behind these trees, in the distance, could be seen the brick barn and garage. The squire had four horses and so the coachman kept them looking clean.

ting behind the trees. Its shadow illuminated the pond and made it look
almost like fire.

How often had the squire sat in the
little summer house built on the bridge
which crossed the center of the pond,
and watched the swans and ducks
swimming in the pond and teaching
their young ones.

their young ones.

He had heard this very day that all his money, which was invested, had been lost, so now he would no longer be able to keep his large residence. His servants would have to leave and he would have to live in a small house and his daughter would have to house-keep.

when he told his little daughter of his loss she was very sad, but when he suggested his plan to her she was quits willing to adopt it, as she loved her father dearly.

LILLIAN M. BREHAUT.

East Norwich, N. Y.

Picking Blueberries. One day last week some girl friends of ourg asked us if we would like to go to Stickney Hill with them to pick

We had never been there before, but We had never been there before, but as the girls said there had been a good many there years before, we decided to go. We agreed to meet them at a place known as Fish Point at 2 o'clock the next morning.

My two older sisters prepared the luncheon while Grace and I got the pails and baskets. Soon we were on our way.

our way.

The girls were there just as we came in sight. They rode, for it was too far for them to walk from their place.

Our friends let us ride and we let Our friends let us ride and we let the horse go slowly.

When we got there they took the harness off Kitty and tied her to a tree. To our surprise we could not find many berries. There were quite a few pickers there, but they could not find many, either. It was very hot and by the time we had picked a few some of us had headaches and were glad to start home at 4 o'clock. Alice, Bertha, Grace and I had about 16 quarts all together, and the others did not have as many.

We were glad when it was bedtime that night, and I guess the others were, too.

MARY A. BURRILL, Age 13.
Stafford Springs.

A Curlous Needle, The most curious needle in the world was that made from a hair from the head of King William of Prussia, the grandfather of the present German

grandfather of the present German emperor.

The incident occurred when the king was visiting a needle factory in his kingdom. As he was passing through the shop he was impressed at the minuteness of tiny needles, thousands of which would not have weighed an ounce. On examining them he could not understand how such a tiny piece of steel could be pierced with an eye.

The workmen whose business it was to bore the eyes in the needle asked for a hair from the King's head. It was readily given to him, and he placed it under the boring machine; and made an eye in it, furnished it with thread and handed the singular needle to the astonished king.

ALICE GORMAN, Age 12.

The Story of Fritz.

One sunshinny day when I arriv-ed home from school a little kitten ed home from school a little kitten was in the chair.

I asked my mother where he came from and she said she did not know. I asked her if I could keep him. She said, she did not care.

I tried hard to find the owner, but I could not. The kitten was wild for a few days, but I ran after him, and at last he stayed at home. He is a good cat. I must not forget to tell you his color. He is half angora. It was my brother who named him Fritz.

Fritz.

He liked to have us take a walk. He runs up and down the path when he wants us to. J love my cat. Oh, but here he comes now. He is crying for milk. Would you like to have a cat like that
FLORENCE SULCIVAN Age 10.

ing out from the center, which is in-

The Other Side of the Camp Fire Girl's Life.

In the first place, the Camp Fire flub is supposed to make us all happy, each us not to be afraid of work, and to whatever we are supposed to do

other things which help mother a good deal.

After we have won these beads by hard labor we are given a beautiful silver ring. This ring is also very interesting to look at. In the front are seven faggots, which stand for the laws of the fire and which are bound with little places of silver, representing the sinews; on each side of the faggots are three little dots, representing the watchwords of the Camp Fire. All who have received this ring are very proud of it. The happy possessors of these rings begin with all their might and main to earn the fire-maker's bracelet, which is very difficult to earn, but very beautiful when received.

Norwich.

My mother asked me if I would like to make a visit to the lake. I said, "Oh, yes, I would be well pleased, but one thing I would like would be to take Baby Brother Clifford."

She said yea, but I should have to take care of him.

she said yes, but I should have to take care of him.

The next day I was called out of bed about 6.30 and got all ready; then I called up Clifford, cleaned him and put on his best suit. My! But how cute he did look!

We were all ready to start and of course we had quite a few bundles to carry; but I took care of baby.

He acted very good and enjoyed the scenery very much.

At last we arrived at the lake, It was very warm.

My mother asked us if we would like to eat our lunch up in the pines. We all agreed and walked up.

We arrived and it was very cool up there and we all enjoyed it.

It was getting late when we started home. Baby fell asleep while on our way.

way.
We arrived home safe and sound after spending a fine day at the lake.
MILDRED E. WHITE, Age 13. Stafford Springs,

My Favorite Book, My favorite book is "Lattle Women."
It tells all about the March family. It consisted of five girls and their mother

and father. They were very poor and their mother had to work because their ather was at war, but he came home to see him.

Beth was a sickly little girl and she

had scarlet fever. She never really was well after this, and she later died.

Josephine, whom they called Jo, was always reading and she later wrote stories that were published in the

paper.

These girls were very good friends with an English boy and his grand-father. This boy's name was Laurie, and Amy and the rest of the girls used to go over there visiting.

Later Amy went to Europe with her Aunt March, where she met Laurie, who went over too. She finally married him, and the other two girls were married, too. They lived near home and they were all very happy. BERTHA N. BURRILL, Age 15.

A Pionio to the Woods One bright summer day my brothers, sisters and myself took our lunch and went to the woods for a little

and went to the woods for a little picnic.

On our way we came to a brook, where everyone in the country came for a drink of cool, sparkling water. Further in was a woods, and underone of its big pines we sat down to rest, and here we decided to have our picfilc.

After lunch we played the famous game of Hide and Seek, also Tag, and Blind Man's Buff.

At 5 o'clock we decided to return home and tell of our fine time, but while on the way we met the cutest little squirrel, which seemed quite tame, as he did not run away, but just sat on the wall and stared at us.

We reached home about 5.30 and told our wenderful story and then went to bed, but never forgot the picnic to the woods.

TALIBOT WHITE, Age 12.

Stafford Springs.

Stafford Springs. How to Make a Bow and Arrow. How to Make a Bow and Arrow.

Boys, if you want to make a good bow and arrow follow this simple rule. Get a good sharp knife and cut an elastic branch about one yard long and let it soak in water over night. Tie a strong string or rope on both ends as on an ordinary bow.

For the arrow cut a straight, narrow reed about 17 inches in length and on the narrowest part split it down in the middle about three inches and place a flat stone in it and ite it up with string so that the stone cannot be seen. On the opposite side cut out a V shaped notch.

This arrow can be shot very high

This arrow can be shot very high and will always come down on its head.

When shooting at a distance it will strike with its head first.

GEORGE BIENENSTOCK, Age 14.

Reckville.

Not So Fast.

Not Se Fast.

"O, mamma!" cried Blanche. "I heard such a tale about Edith! I did not think she could be so naughty!"

"My dear," said her mother, "before you tell it we will see if your story will pass three sleves."

"What does that mean, mamma?"

"I will explain. In the first place, let me ask you about your story. Is it true?"

"I suppose so. I heard it from Grace White, and she is a friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, can you prove it to be true? Is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, but

"I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was."

"Is it necessary"
"No! Of course, mamma, there was no need of mentioning it at all."
"Always ask these three questions first, when you are tempted to to tell something about others."
LEO PELOQUIN, Age 11.

His Lesson.

His Lesson.

He was a cruel, harsh man, who never know what pity meant Everyone who knew him, hated him. He was a junk peddier by trade, and cwned a horse which was starving for the want of food.

One day he leaded his heavy wagon with iron, hitched the horse, and went to see what he could buy and sell for the day.

The horse knew that he was going for another hard day, but he was a poor dumb beast and so had to suf-

ute the snap, snap of the whip was heard by the passerby.

When they had some not far from home, the horse could go no farther. He lay down and tooked at his master as if to say, "Flease pity me." But the driver only stashed the horse once and again, but nothing could be do to make the starved beast rise.

Seeing that he could do nothing, he walked up the hill a little ways, hoping to meet someone who would help him.

ing to meet someone who would help him.

He walked back to the wagon. Once more he tried to raise the beast with a few lashes, but of no use.

Just then he saw a wagon coming down the hill occupied by two men, who knew the peddler well.

He looked at the coming horse and then at his. "Some difference," he grunted, and brought down his heel on the horse's flank.

The other men knew full well what was the matter, but of course they could not help asking him what was the frouble.

The driver explained to them that he could not raise his horse.

So they set to work, unhitched the horse and after trying hard to get him upon his feet, tied him to a tree. One of the men took the peddler by the hand and said, "Come and we will get more help," and they started on, while the other man remained with the horse.

But they did not get more help, The peddler was led to the police station, on the charge of cruelty to animals. He was put in jail, while the man bought some oats for the horse, who was soon enjoying his meal.

The men took the horse home, and he no more heard the harsh words or felt the whip, but kind words and gentle taps.

There he lived for the rest of his

gentle taps.

There he lived for the rest of his life, and as for the horse's former driver, he was given what he deserved and also learned a lesson, but he never was again cruel to any dumb animals.

UNSIGNED.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Something About Smyrna. Dear Uncle Jed: I am visiting here in Norwich, but my home is in Strafford, Vermont.

I was born in Smyrna, Turkey. I thought the Wide-Awakes would like to hear something about that country.

row. Some are so narrow that two vehicles cannot pass each other. The houses in the city are built together, without the tiniest crack in between them. In the suburbs the houses are not all like this.

In Smyrna they have a very queer way of getting milk. People there feel very proud of being cheats. They will put water in the milk, to make more put water in the milk, to make more to see at the college. One very interesting is the observation tow-

put water in the milk, to make more of it. Of course, we do not know where the water comes from, so it is not safe to drink the milk without sterilizing it first. The Americans do The Americans have found the only safe way to get milk is to have them bring the goats right to the door and milk them there. Even then they have

to be watched, as they sometimes carry a rubber bag of water under their arm with a tube running down their aleeve. While milking they just press on this bag to help fill the measure. They usually sell the milk by the glassful. glaseful.
The Turkish ladies wear their hair in many small braids, with spangles braided in. They are very fond of spangles and bright colors. They wear a sort of black or colored covering over

all else. RUTH TRACY, Age 10.

My Pet Dog, Bud. Dear Uncle Jed: I have a little shep-herd dog named Bud. I took Bud with me huckleberrying the other day. I am going to tell you what she did.

On our way we found a rabbit's nest with eight little rabbits in it. One of them came out of its nest and before I could turn around Bud had one of them by the neck, and that was the last of that little rabbit.

Then she got her nose into a bees' nest, and, believe me, she found no rabbits there! She ran all the way home.

I got twelve grant.

I got twelve quarts of berries and sold them all, and got one dollar and twenty cents.

I am going to take my little sister and Bud to the beach; that is, if I can teach Bud some manners before I start. I suppose she will make it a busy day South Windham.

The Boy and the Birds. Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about a boy and some birds. One day as a boy was walking in the woods he saw a great many birds and squirrels. He thought that it would be great fun to shoot them. After he had taken his walk he went home. He told his father all he had seen and added that he would like a gun. His father was very much surprised and asked him what he wanted a gun

He said: T' want to shoot the birds so they won't build their nests in our trees."
"Why." said the father, "those birds
do more good than you think for."
Then he told the boy all about the
birds and how they help us and every-

thing else.

The boy, of course, didnt' want any gun after that. Most all his time he spent in the woods with the birds. He grew up to be a man who loved birds.

MARION E. SHERMAN, Age 12. South Coventry.

My Visit to Norwich. Dear Uncle Jed: My home is Bridgeport. Every summer I so to Norwich to visit my aunt. While I am visiting her I am a great help to her. I wash the dishes after every meal and do a great many other things.

My sister comes, too.

This summer we had a quarrel about who was to come first. Finally my aunt decided I was the oldest and should come first. I always have a fine time.

We go to the moving pictures two or three times a week. Often we go to the beach. Some of the beaches we go to are Watch Hill and Ocean Beach.

I can swim and float and am learnfine time.

we often go for a trolley ride on WARY CULLINAN. Age 10. Norwich.

The Robins.

Dear Uncie Jed: In front of our house there are three maple trees. In one of the trees there is a robin's nest. Two weeks ago there were eggs in the nest, and now there are two little birds there. In the first place there were three birds. Now one of them is gone. We think the cat caught it. Yesterday the little birds fell out of the nest, and my brother put them back three times.

The cat caught another one, so there is only one of them left.

The cat caught another one, so there is only one of them left.

This morning the last one fell out of the nest, and my mother put it on the fence across the road from the house. It is too small to fly.

The mother is hopping up and down the fence now, teaching it to hop along. It has gone quite a ways down the fence now.

GRACE A. BURRHAL, Age 11.

Stafford Springs.

who live in the city and never see butter made how it is done.

The milk from the cows is run through the separators, so they set the milk in pans and the cream will rise on top; then they have to skim it off with a skimmer. It is best with a separator and much quicker and easier done; but they say in olden times they didn't have separators, but had to use a skimmer. The cream is cooled to ripen it. Let stand, the cream will thicken, or let it heat to about 50 degrees (tell this by a little glass thermometer) when it is ready.

Get the churn and scald it out with hot water, put in the cream, and if one thinks it is not yellow enough, drop in a few drops of butter color.

People used to use years ago, so I am told, grated carrots, but now they can buy the coloring. After this is put in, then begin to churn by turning a crank as you would an ice cream freezer; keep up this process until the butter comes; that is, the butter will separate from the buttermilk and form a big pat of butter; then drain off the milk and wash the butter in two or three waters so as to get the butter-milk all out; then salt it and set it away where it is cool until the next day. Then take the butter and work it over with wooden paddles; then get the mould and wet it first in hot water and then cold, and the mould is ready to ball the butter.

Some have wooden knives, made on purpose to cut the butter with when balled up, then put the butter in moulds, after which take out and wrap up in paper and it is ready for market.

I think it is quite a job to make butter.

I think it is quite a job to make butter. LUCY A. CARTER, Age 13.

How She is Spending Her Vacation. Dear Uncie Jed: I thought I would write and tell you how I am spend-

hurt.
Our school hours are from \$.20
o'clock to 12 o'clock. There are many
teachers there from all over the state.
They visit the schools and about 40
visit every day.
Mr. Brundage comes and teaches us

teresting thing is the observation tower so feet in height, the base being 710 feet above sea level.

One day about ten of us went up the winding stairs to the top of the

Eagleville,

show I went to.

There were 17 children invited, but five had the measies. The admission was five pins. Re-The admission was five pins. Reserved seats two extra pins.

Little girls sold tickets in the front yard. In the back yard they had nice chairs for the children.

Eight ladies were invited.

The children in the show acted in the garage.
I took my Teddy Bear and every-body was laughing at him because he

Very Inflamed and Red Looking. Itched and Burned Badly. Did Not Sleep Well. Used Cuticura

a fine rash. There was an eruption on her chin and her face was very inflamed her face was very inflamed and red looking. I thought she would be scarred for life. I thought it was co-zems as it itched and burned badly. She did not sleep well and it made her frety. "I tried all kinds of creams and also

different salves then finally I thought of Outleura Soap and Ointment and decided so try them. After using them a few times ally for about two weeks. Her face cleared and now you would never know she had had any skin trouble." (Signed) Mrs. R. Steeves, August 5, 1914.

Sample Each Free by Mail Although Cuticurs Soap (25c.) and Cuti-curs Ointment (50c.) are sold everywhere you may try them before you buy them. Free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book os request. Address post-card "Cuticura-Dept. T, Boston."

Overhauling and Repair Work

of all kinds on AUTOMOBILES, CARRIAGES, WAGONS, TRUCKS and CARTS. Mechanical Repairs, Painting, Trim-ming, Upholstering and Wood Work,

Blacksmithing in all its branches.

DR. F. W. HOLMS, Dentist Shannon Building Annex, Room A Telephone 523

507 to 513 North Main St.

WHEN YOU WANT to put your bus-iness before the public, there is no medium better than through the ad-vertising columns of The Bulletin.

ing my vacation.

During the month of July the children of Eagleville and other schools in the town of Mahsfield attend the Storrs summer school. Sometimes two touring cars come for us, but the most fun of all is when the large auto bus carries us back and forth, in which we can all be together.

The chauffeurs who carry us are very kind and do not care how much we laugh and sing, if we do not get hurt.

tower. There was a very nice view from the top.

We are having a very pleasant vacation and hope all the Wide-Awakes are having a pleasant one, too.

HELEN REYNOLDS, Age 14.

The Garage Performance. Dear Uncle Jed: I should like to ell the Wide-Awake circle about the

Willimantic,

GIRL'S FACE

Soap and Ointment. Face Cleared. 88 Windsor Ave.; East Lynn, Mass.—
"My little girl's face broke out first as a pimple and she constched it causing it to